THE HUMAN TORCH

MAY NO. 30

10¢ K

COMICS

YOU HAVE JUST *ONE MINUTE* TO TELL US WHERE THE *HUMAN TORCH* IS! "*THE STRANGLER*" IS GETTING IMPATIENT!

NO! NO! I'LL *NEVER* GIVE *TORCH* AWAY! *NEVER!*

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT ANYMORE! *HERE I AM!*

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BAD SKIN?

Stop Worrying About Pimples, Blackheads and Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

Try Skin Doctor's Amazing Simple Directions and Be Thrilled with the Difference— Often So Much

CLEARER IN JUST ONE SHORT WEEK

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born *just like you* with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too — *in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't.* Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept 315 New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!— the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

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DOUGLAS MAC EACHEN
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THE HUMAN TORCH

"GAY NINETIES GAMBLE!"

BRIGHT LIGHTS! TINSEL AND PAINTED FACES! ALL A PART OF THE GAY LIFE OF THE THEATRE! BUT AS MUCH A PART OF THAT LIFE IS THE HEARTBREAK—THE MILLION TEARS SHED! ***THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO*** FIND THEMSELVES CONFRONTED WITH THE SADNESS AND TRAGEDY OF BACKSTAGE LIFE AS THEY FIGHT TO BRING MASKED BANDITS TO JUSTICE!

FOR THE OLD, THERE IS OFTEN LITTLE BUT MEMORIES...

AND FOR SARAH HELDBURN, ONCE RULING QUEEN OF THE THEATRE, MEMORIES ARE SO MUCH BRIGHTER THAN DRAB REALITY...

AH, THOSE WERE THE DAYS – WHEN BRADFORD MACLAIN AND I WERE THE TOAST OF NEW YORK!

SUDDENLY!

LOOK OUT!

TORCH! FLAME ON!

WITH ARMS ONLY UNFLAMED, TORCH AND TORO BLAZE TO THE RESCUE!

WHOAAAA!

A CLOSE CALL! BUT YOU'RE SAFE NOW!

DEAR ME! I DIDN'T LOOK WHERE I WAS GOING!

I GUESS OLD PEOPLE LIKE ME TEND TO GET A LITTLE CARELESS! THANK YOU SO VERY MUCH!

SARAH!

I WAS JUST COMING FOR YOU! I SAW WHAT HAPPENED! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I'M FINE, THANK YOU, ELISE! THESE TWO GENTLEMEN SAVED ME FROM WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A NASTY ACCIDENT!

GOSH! THAT GIRL, ELISE, CERTAINLY IS PRETTY!

YES - BUT DID YOU RECOGNIZE THE OLD LADY? *HER* NAME IS SARAH HELDBURN!

MANY YEARS AGO, SHE WAS THE REIGNING IDOL OF THE THEATRE! SHE LOOKS PRETTY SHABBY NOW!

TIME PLAYS STRANGE TRICKS, TORCH! SOME PEOPLE GET THE BREAKS, AND OTHERS DON'T!

BUT AT THIS MOMENT, IN WILLIE FLOWER'S SUMPTUOUS OFFICE...

YOU COULDN'T BUY ME OUT FOR A MILLION BUCKS, PHIL BRADY! SURE, I'VE HAD A COUPLA BAD YEARS, BUT I'M MAKING A COMEBACK - SEE?

WHAT ARE YOU USING FOR READY CASH, WILLIE - CIGAR COUPONS?

NO CRACKS, BRADY! I'VE SCRAPED UP ENOUGH DOUGH TO FINANCE A NEW NIGHT CLUB! AND I'VE GOT A SENSATIONAL IDEA! I'M BRINGING BACK THE GAY NINETIES!

ONLY I'M ADDING A *NEW* TWIST! MODERN ENTERTAINERS TOO! A CONTRAST WITH THE OLD-TIME STARS... AND LET THE PUBLIC TAKE ITS PICK!

DOESN'T SOUND BAD, WILLIE!

BUT YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE NOT TO SNAP UP MY OFFER FOR YOUR PROPERTY! IF YOU STRIKE OUT *THIS* TIME, *YOU'RE THROUGH!*

I'VE BEEN ON THE ROPES BEFORE! BUT I ALWAYS COME BACK PUNCHING! YOU'LL SEE ME ON TOP AGAIN, BRADY!

GET ME TORCH AND TORO!

YES, MR. FLOWER!

LATER... GET THE PICTURE? I WANT *YOU* TO PICK OUT THE OLD DAME AND THE UNKNOWN, NEW ENTERTAINER WHO'LL BE FEATURED IN MY SHOW!

HMM! I THINK I KNOW JUST THE RIGHT PERSON FOR ONE OF THOSE JOBS!

WE'LL PLAY ALONG WITH YOU, WILLIE!

I KNEW YOU WOULD! THE PUBLIC WILL FLOCK TO SEE TALENT THAT WAS PERSONALLY PICKED BY THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO!

LATER, IN A SECOND-RATE THEATRICAL BOARDING HOUSE...

WILL YOU TAKE THE JOB, MISS HELDBURN?

ON ONE CONDITION! THAT MY YOUNG FRIEND, ELISE, BE GIVEN *HER* CHANCE, TOO!

ELISE IS A VERY TALENTED YOUNG SINGER! SHE'S SHARED MY BAD FORTUNE, AND NOW I WANT TO SHARE MY GOOD FORTUNE WITH HER!

YOU *MUSTN'T* LET ME STAND IN THE WAY!

AS A MATTER OF FACT, WILLIE FLOWER ASKED US TO FIND AN UNKNOWN YOUNG ENTERTAINER! SEEMS TO ME *YOU'D* FIT THE BILL PERFECTLY!

OHH! IT SOUNDS ALMOST TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE!

OPENING NIGHT AT THE GAY MUSIQUE CLUB...

QUITE A CROWD, EH, TORCH?

ALL THE PUBLICITY GOT THE CLUB OFF TO A GOOD START! LET'S GO BACKSTAGE AND SEE HOW SARAH HELDBURN IS MAKING OUT!

Gay Musique

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU! I'LL NEED A FEW FRIENDS IN THAT AUDIENCE! I'M SO NERVOUS!

STOP WORRYING, ELISE!

LADEEZ AND GENTLEMEN! THE GAY MUSIQUE CLUB PRESENTS THE GRAND OLD LADY OF THE STAGE, SARAH HELDBURN, AND HER YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL PROTEGÉE ELISE BROWNING!

SUDDENLY! DON'T MOVE, ANYONE— OR WE'LL SHOOT!

BANDITS!

YOUR NECKLACE, DEAR LADY! IT FAILS TO DO JUSTICE TO SUCH A LOVELY THROAT—SO I'LL TAKE IT!

TORO! THIS *ISN'T* AN ACT!

IT'S A *REAL* ROBBERY! LET'S GO!

YOU BOYS ARE 50 YEARS BEHIND YOUR TIME! SO WE'LL JUST KNOCK YOU BACK WHERE YOU BELONG!

THEN... THIS MASTER SWITCH CONTROLS ALL THE LIGHTS! WE'LL ESCAPE UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS!

THE LIGHTS WENT OUT!

IF WE CAN'T SEE, WE'LL NEVER FIND THEM IN THIS CROWD!

MOMENTS LATER!
THERE! THE LIGHTS ARE ON! BUT THE BANDITS HAVE DISAPPEARED!
WE'D BETTER HAVE A TALK WITH WILLIE FLOWER!
THE BANDITS ROBBED MY OFFICE FIRST! I'M RUINED!
YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHO THE BANDITS COULD HAVE BEEN?
WHO CARES? I PAID A FORTUNE FOR TALENT, RADIO TIME, ALL THE FURNISHINGS IN THIS PLACE! I NEEDED TONIGHT'S RECEIPTS TO MAKE THE FIRST PAYMENT ON EVERYTHING I OWE!
I'M WIPED OUT! ME—WILLIE FLOWER, WASHED UP!
LET'S GO! WILLIE'S IN NO MOOD TO TALK TO US!
WHAT HAPPENED TO SARAH HELDBURN? I HAVEN'T SEEN HER SINCE THE ROBBERY!
SHE WENT HOME IMMEDIATELY! SHE WAS VERY UPSET!
I GUESS THIS OPENING MEANT MORE TO HER THAN I REALIZED! IT WAS HER BIG CHANCE AFTER SO MANY YEARS OF POVERTY AND NEGLECT!
IT WAS ELISE'S BIG CHANCE, TOO! BUT SHE'S TOO UNSELFISH TO THINK OF HERSELF! SHE'S A GRAND GIRL!
SOON, IN SARAH HELDBURN'S ROOM, TORCH AND TORO HEAR A STRANGE STORY...
I LEFT THE CLUB BECAUSE I WAS AFRAID I WOULD BE QUESTIONED! YOU SEE... I THINK I KNOW WHO THE BANDIT LEADER IS!
THEN IT'S YOUR *DUTY* TO TELL US!

YES, I REALIZE THAT NOW! YEARS AGO, WHEN I WAS A GREAT STAR, THERE WAS AN ACTOR WHO PLAYED OPPOSITE ME! HIS NAME WAS BRADFORD MACLAIN...

"BRADFORD WAS MADLY IN LOVE WITH ME! HE KEPT ASKING ME TO MARRY HIM!"

SARAH, SAY YOU'LL BE MY WIFE!

"BUT THE SOUND OF APPLAUSE WAS ALWAYS ECHOING IN MY EARS! BRADFORD DEMANDED THAT I GIVE UP MY CAREER, AND I COULDN'T DO THAT FOR ANY MAN!"

HURRAH!

BRAVO!

FINALLY, BRADFORD MACLAIN DISAPPEARED! BUT BEFORE HE WENT AWAY, HE VOWED HE WOULD DO ALL IN HIS POWER TO SEE THAT MY CAREER NEVER BROUGHT ME HAPPINESS!

YOU THINK HE RETURNED TO KEEP HIS VOW?

HE WOULDN'T FORGET! BRADFORD MACLAIN WAS A HEADSTRONG MAN!

HE *WOULD* DO IT, TO REMIND ME OF EVERYTHING I MISSED! HE WAS SO RIGHT! MY CAREER *NEVER* DID BRING ME HAPPINESS!

HMMM! YOU MAY HAVE GIVEN US A VALUABLE CLUE!

FIND BRADFORD MACLAIN, TORO! START WITH THE FILES AT THE NEWSPAPER MORGUE! THEN CHECK EVERYONE WHO KNEW HIM!

OKAY, TORCH!

MEANWHILE, *I'M* GOING TO MAKE SURE SARAH HELDBURN GETS ANOTHER CHANCE! THE GAY MUSIQUE CLUB WILL GIVE *ANOTHER* SHOW TOMORROW NIGHT!

THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE LOCAL BANK...

YOU ADVANCED THE MONEY TO OPEN THE GAY MUSIQUE CLUB! DON'T FORECLOSE ON THE PROPERTY, AND I'LL GUARANTEE YOU GET YOUR MONEY BACK!

I'LL GIVE YOU A TWENTY-FOUR HOUR EXTENSION! THAT'S THE BEST I CAN DO!

WHEAT EXCHANGE BANK

A HASTILY CALLED GATHERING OF THE ENTERTAINERS...

WILLIE FLOWER HAS ALWAYS PLAYED FAIR WITH YOU! IF YOU'LL PUT ON THIS SHOW TONIGHT, FREE—YOU WILL ALL HAVE STEADY JOBS! HOW ABOUT IT?

WE'RE GAME, TORCH! WHAT CAN WE LOSE?

WE'LL NEED ADVERTISING TO LET THE PUBLIC KNOW THE GAY MUSIQUE IS STILL OPEN! I CAN TAKE CARE OF THAT, PERSONALLY!

LATER THAT DAY...

LOOK!

IT'S THE HUMAN TORCH! HE'S WRITING SOME KIND OF A MESSAGE!

GAY MUSIQUE OPENS TONIGHT DON'T MISS IT!

THAT NIGHT—A SELL-OUT AT THE GAY MUSIQUE CLUB!

I'VE GOT ENOUGH DOUGH IN THE TILL TO PAY OFF MY CREDITORS ALREADY! I'LL NEVER FORGET THIS, TORCH!

THE SHOW'S READY TO START! LET'S GO IN!

CHECK ROOM

WE'VE OLD SONGS AND NEW SONGS, SWEET WALTZES AND BLUE SONGS!

THEY'RE TERRIFIC! THEY CAN'T MISS!

THEN... SORRY TO INTERRUPT THE ACT! BUT WE'RE DOING AN ENCORE!

I'D BEEN HOPING YOU'D SHOW UP AGAIN!

TORCH!

LAY THAT HORSE PISTOL DOWN! IT WON'T HELP YOU!

OHHH!

DON'T RUN AWAY! YOU'LL GET ALL OUT OF BREATH!

OOOOOOF!

TRY THE WATER CURE, TORCH!

AS HIS FLAME GOES OUT, TORCH PLUNGES IN HEADLONG FLIGHT AGAINST THE WALL!

CRASH!

UGHHHH!

TORCH CAN'T STOP ME NOW... OHHHH!

BUT I CAN!

YOU ARRIVED JUST IN TIME, TORO—YOU HELPED CAPTURE BRADFORD MACLAIN!

BUT THIS *ISN'T* BRADFORD MACLAIN!

TORCH, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MR. MACLAIN IN PERSON! I FOUND HIM IN HIS OFFICE IN THIS CITY—QUITE A RESPECTABLE BUSINESS MAN!

THEN WHO *IS* THE LEADER OF THE BANDITS?

I CAN ANSWER THAT! HE'S PHIL BRADY—MY CHIEF COMPETITOR IN THE NIGHT CLUB BUSINESS!

I *HAD* TO DO IT! YOUR NEW CLUB WOULD HAVE RUINED ME!

I DON'T REGRET ANYTHING—EXCEPT THAT I FAILED!

YOU HIRED HOODLUMS TO DRIVE ME OUT OF BUSINESS, EH? I HOPE THEY SENTENCE YOU TO TEN YEARS WATCHING YOUR OWN VILE FLOOR SHOWS!

AND LATER...

SARAH, MY FEELINGS HAVEN'T CHANGED! WILL YOU BE MY WIFE?

I WAS A FOOL NOT TO HAVE SAID "YES" A LONG TIME AGO, BRADFORD! I CAN'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE AGAIN!

LET'S SCRAM, TORO!

HEY, TORCH, LOOK AT THE FLOCK OF AUTOGRAPH HOUNDS AROUND ELISE BROWNING!

THOSE ARE *TALENT SCOUTS*, TORO! THEY ARE TRYING TO SIGN HER UP FOR HOLLYWOOD! ELISE HAS DONE ALL RIGHT FOR HERSELF! TO PARAPHRASE SHAKESPEARE, "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS IN A NICE JUICY CONTRACT!"

THE END

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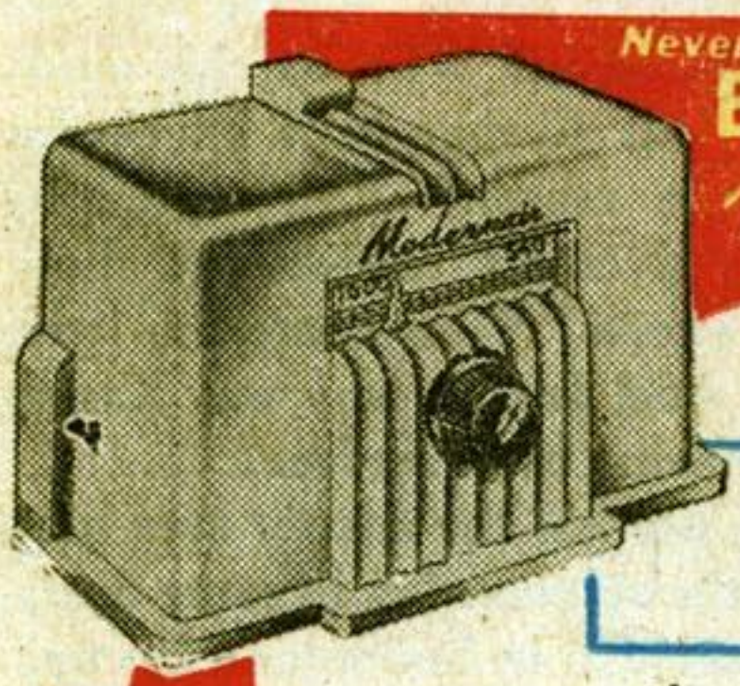

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"THE *BEAST* OF THE BOWERY BARGE!"

PAT DONOVAN, A CITY COP, HEARS SCREAMS FROM A DILAPIDATED HOUSE-BOAT BARGE ...

OH, NO! PLEASE! NO! NO! PLEASE DON'T! HELP! Y-YI-I-I-I-EOW!!!

WHAT TH—! SOUNDS LIKE A YOUNG GIRL!

OH, NO, YA DON'T, COPPER! NO FLATFOOT COMES ABOARD ME BARGE WIDOUT A SOICH WARRINT!

'BOWERY BENNIE'! I MIGHT'VE KNOWN!

WHAT'RE YE UP TO? WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN—? HEY!

OOOOH!

WHY, YA SNEAKIN' LIDDLE—!

COME BACK HERE, JOSIE, YA—! JES' WAIT'LL I GET ME HAN'S ON—!

HOLD IT, BENNIE! YE'RE NOT GOIN' ANYWHERE YET!

KEEP YER PUNY MITTS OFF ME, YA SLIMEY HARNESS-BULL! I'VE GOT ME RIGHTS!

SHUT UP, AN' STAY WHERE YE ARE, OR YE WON'T HAVE ANY RIGHTS! I'M GONNA GET THAT GIRL!

OH—HERE YE ARE! WHAT'S THE MATTER, HONEY? WAS THAT BIG BULLY WHIPPIN' YE? TELL OLD PAT ALL ABOUT IT!

GO AWAY! L-LEAVE ME ALONE!

B-BUT I JUST WANT TO HELP YE, SWEETHEART! IF THAT BANSHEE'S TREATIN' YE MEAN, I'LL TAKE YE TO A MISSION HOME, AND TOSS HIM IN THE CLINK!

OH, NO! "BOWERY BENNIE" IS MY PA ··· I'D BETTER GO BACK! THANKS, BUT—6-6'BY!

WELL, WHAT D'YE KNOW ABOUT THAT ??? SOMETHING'S FISHY, AND THE GIRL WON'T COOPERATE! ME, I CAN'T DO ANYTHING WITHOUT A FORMAL COMPLAINT ··· I'D BETTER SEE THE SUB-MARINER!

MINUTES LATER, PAT EXPLAINS TO NAMOR ···

···SO, BEING A COP, I CAN'T BREAK THE LAW BY BUSTIN' IN ON HIM WITHOUT A WARRANT ··· WHAT'LL I DO?

I THINK WE CAN HANDLE IT, PAT! WHERE'S THE BARGE TIED UP?

···AS NIGHT FALLS, NAMOR AND NAMORA, IN THEIR POWERFUL LAUNCH, APPROACH THE BARGE ····

EASE OFF, NAMORA — QUIET! THIS IS —HEY! LISTEN!

NO! NO! OOOHHH!

HA! HA!

CRACK! CRACK!

HE-HE!

THAT'S A BULL-WHIP, OR I'M A DRIED-UP DESERT RAT! BRING 'ER ALONGSIDE, GIRL··· THIS PARTY'S GOING TO HAVE AN UNINVITED GUEST!

CAREFUL, NAMOR!

WHY, YOU BIG BABOON! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY WHIPPING THAT LITTLE GIRL?

OCH!

WHO'S DIS MUG?

?

OH!

MOIDER DE BUM!
WHO'S HE T'INK HE IS, ANYHOW?
DIS IS A FAM'LY PARTY!
GIT 'IM, BOYS!
HE WON'T STAY DOWN! WHAT'S DE MATTER WID 'IM?
SLUG 'IM AGAIN, JOEY!
OH! THEY'LL KILL HIM! WHY DID HE HAVE TO COME HERE ALONE?
RIGHT THIS WAY, LITTLE GIRL! THAT'S A "STAG" DEAL NOW— NO PLACE FOR YOU OR ME!
THEY'LL THROW HIM TO THE SHARKS! I'D BETTER CALL THE — OH! W-WHAT?
JOSIE! WHERE'D SHE GO?
SHE'S FLEW DE COOP!
YEAH! AND I'M GOING TO "FLEW" WHILE THE "FLEW-ING'S" GOOD!
DE LIDDLE BRAT!
HEY! DE BUM GOT AWAY!
NAMORA! IS JOSIE WITH YOU?
LEAVE 'IM GO! HE WON'T BODDER US NO MORE! FIND DE BRAT! SHE'S HIDIN' SOMEPLACE!
GOOD! TAKE HER BELOW, AND HIDE HER UNDER THE ENGINE-HATCH ··· THEN STAY OUT OF SIGHT YOURSELF! I'M GOING BACK TO SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

SHE AIN'T ON DE BARGE, POP!

WELL, LOOK SOMEWH— HEY! WHAT'S DIS LAUNCH DOIN' HERE? OH-HO! LOOK WHO'S ON DE DECK, BOYS! MAYBE HE KNOWS WHERE DE BRAT IS! GRAB 'IM!

OH-OH!

HE WON'T DROP! BUST HIS HEAD OPEN!

I GOT 'IM WID DE MARLINSPIKE!

KONK!

HOOOOO!

OH-OH! NOW YA DONE IT! YA KNOCKED 'IM COLD, AN' EVEN IF HE KNOWS WHERE JOSIE WENT, HE CAN'T TELL US TILL HE COMES TO! DRAG 'IM OVER TO DE BARGE, BOYS!

T'ROW 'IM IN DE CHAIN LOCKER 'TIL MORNIN'... NO USE LOOKIN' FER JOSIE NOW — SHE'LL COME BACK!

D'YA S'POSE DIS MUG'S A FLATFOOT, POP?

I DUNNO ... BUT WE'LL TAKE 'IM OUT IN DE HARBOR AN' DUMP 'IM IN DE MORNIN' ... *HEH-HEH!* HE'LL HAVE A LONG SWIM HOME!

LET'S TURN IN, POP ... I'M SLEEPY! WAKE US AT FIVE, JOEY!

HOURS LATER, AS DAWN BREAKS ...

OKAY, BLACKIE - PETE - POP ... **ROLL OUT!**

HEY! WHAT THE DEVIL? **LOOK OUT THE WINDOW!**

HUH?

WE'RE OUT IN DE MIDDLE OF DE HARBOR *NOW*!

HOW'D WE GIT HERE? WE COULDN'T'VE DRIFTED!

SOMEBODY CUT US LOOSE FROM DE DOCK! **LOOK!** **DERE'S DAT LAUNCH — WID A *GOIL* ON IT!**

SHE MUSTA TOWED DE BARGE OUT HERE WHILE WE WAS SLEEPIN'! USE YER RODS, BOYS, AN' **BUMP 'ER OFF! WE NEED DAT BOAT!**

HEY! THEY'RE WISE TO ME! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

NO USE, BOYS — SHE GOT OUTA RANGE! BUT WE'LL GIT EVEN! SHE MUST BE WOIKIN' WID' DIS MUG ··· HAUL 'IM OUT! TIE 'IS HANDS AN' FEET, AN' WEIGHT 'IM DOWN WID IRONS! **WE'LL T'ROW DE BUM IN DE DRINK!**

I'M WEAK ··· MY HEAD! ··· I CAN'T···

OVER YA GO, WISE GUY!

YA'LL MAKE A POOR MEAL FER DE FISHES!

SUFFERIN' SHAD! I **SAW** THAT! THEY THINK THEY'VE SCARED ME OFF, AND KILLED NAMOR! BUT THE **SUB-MARINER** WON'T DROWN, AND **THEY HAVEN'T GOT RID OF US YET!**

HOLD STILL, NAMOR ··· I'LL HAVE YOU LOOSE IN A MINUTE! HOW'S YOUR HEAD?

OKAY, NOW THAT I'M IN THE WATER ··· BUT **HURRY,** GIRL! WE HAVE WORK TO DO!

FIRST, WE'LL OPEN THE SEA-COCKS, OR "SCUTTLE-VALVES", IN THE BOTTOM OF THIS TUB, TO FLOOD THE HOLDS!

THEN GET BACK TO THE LAUNCH TO WATCH THE FUN, EH?

WHAT TH—@%*?!! DE BARGE'S SINKIN'! ABANDON SHIP!!!

HELP! I'M STUCK!

NO TIME TO LOWER THE BOAT! OVER THE SIDE, BOYS!

GOOD! THEY ALL GOT OFF! HERE THEY COME, NAMORA—RIGHT INTO OUR TRAP! IS JOSIE SAFELY OUT OF THE WAY?

SHE'S HIDING IN THE CABIN···

ONE—TWO—THREE—FOUR! SWEET DREAMS, KIDDIES! HEAD FOR SHORE, NAMORA ··· WE'LL TURN THESE JOKERS OVER TO THE POLICE ON SUSPICION!

KONK!

LATER···

YA GOT NUTTIN' ON US, YA BUMS!

OKAY, JOSIE - LET'S HEAR THE WHOLE STORY! YOU'RE SAFE NOW!

OH GOSH, SUB-MARINER! MY BROTHERS ARE ALL CROOKS, I'M AFRAID!

"THEY HELD UP TWO STORES THE OTHER NIGHT···"

I JES' CROAKED YER BUDDY FER SCREAMIN' — NOW SHUDDUP!

AH, LET 'IM HAVE IT, TOO, JOEY -- WE GOT DE DOUGH!

"...AND JUST LAST WEEK, THEY ROBBED THE STATE RESERVE BANK, AND KILLED A TELLER!"

NO!

HE REACHED FOR DE BOIGLER ALARM!

DROP 'IM!

THEY'D COME HOME AND BRAG ABOUT IT, AND WHIP ME SO I WOULDN'T TELL THE POLICE! I HATE THEM ALL, AND I'LL TELL EVERYTHING IN COURT, IF YOU WANT ME TO!

LOOKS LIKE THE JIG'S UP, BENNIE! WANT TO CONFESS?

OKAY···OKAY! WE WASN'T GETTIN' RICH, NOHOW··· GUESS I'M TOO OLD FOR DE BIG-TIME! DE BOYS DID DE KILLIN', BUT I PLANNED DE JOBS, SO I GUESS I'M GUILTY, TOO! BUT JOSIE'S INNOCENT··· SHE AIN'T EVEN ME DAUGHTER! I PICKED HER UP ON A RAFT WHEN DE "ARGUS" WENT DOWN TEN YEARS AGO!

SHE WAS TWO ··· I WAS GONNA HOLD 'ER FER RANSOM, BUT I FOUND OUT HER PARENTS WENT DOWN WID DE SHIP! NAME'S **WARD** ··· YA KIN CHECK ON IT!

QUICK, NAMORA! GET AN "ARGUS" COMPANY AGENT DOWN HERE WITH A PASSENGER LIST!

THIRTY MINUTES LATER ···

THE MAN'S RIGHT, SUB-MARINER! THIS GIRL MUST BE THE DAUGHTER OF **HENRY WARD** ··· HE LEFT A CONSIDERABLE FORTUNE!

OH GEE!

ISN'T IT **WONDERFUL**? I'M RICH, AND THAT OLD **BOWERY BENNIE** WILL HAVE TO GO TO JAIL — THANKS TO YOU TWO!

DON'T FORGET **PAT DONOVAN**, JOSIE!

WELL, THANKS! I'M GLAD TO KNOW I HAD **SOME** PART IN IT!

THE END

THE gun aimed at her head looked as big as a six foot sewer pipe when Miss Ruth Ennis gazed up from her typewriter. Her heart jumped straight up in her throat and settled with a lump into her stomach as the blood-shot eyes of the stranger bored down upon her.

"Wh . . . who are you? What do you want?" she asked in a quivering voice.

"Never mind who I am," the man replied in a gutteral tone. "Don't scream—don't make a sound. Don't do nothing but sit there. If you move, I'll blow your head off!"

Ruth sat back tensely in her chair, fighting hard to compose herself. Her heart was thumping madly and for a moment she felt as though she were going to faint. She looked at the man carefully, trying to remember everything about him so she could describe him if necessary. He was tall and thin, dressed in a brown suit that was badly wrinkled, and one lanky arm hung loosely by his side. She could see bloodstains on one sleeve and hand. There was a heavy growth of beard on his face, and he wore a battered, brown hat that hung low over one eye.

"I wanta see the doctor," he finally said, "and be quick about it!"

"He's not in. Doctor Howard has gone home for the night. He won't be back until morning."

For a moment the gun wavered, as if the man were dreadfully tired. Then the gun steadied again. "I gotta have a doctor. I'm hurt bad."

Where have I seen the man before, Ruth asked herself. Then suddenly she knew. There had been a picture and a story in the evening paper the day before. There had been a bank robbery. One cashier was killed. The bandit had been wounded but had escaped. Then, this must be the man! An involuntary gasp gave her secret away. "You . . . you must be the man in the paper. The bank robber. You're a murderer!"

He smiled grimly. "So you know. I gave them cops a merry chase, and if I can get this arm fixed up they'll never catch me. Okay, get up on your feet."

Ruth stood up by the side of her desk. She wasn't afraid any longer. The killer looked like he might pass out at any moment from loss of blood. If he did, she could tie him up and call the police.

"Into the back room," he said, "and make it snappy!"

Ruth walked slowly into the back room, the man close behind her. She could feel the gun prodding her in the back. She snapped on the light by the side of the door and he closed the door behind them. They were in the small operating room that Doctor Howard used for minor operations. A small operating table, a chromium stool, a washstand, a glass cabinet full of sharp looking instruments, and a medicine cabinet were the only articles of furniture in the room. A telephone was cradled in a little niche in the wall.

Ruth turned to face the man. "Now what do you want?"

"I gotta get my arm fixed up. Can you do it?"

"That arm looks pretty bad. I'm only a nurse, and you'd better get a doctor to dress it."

He sat down on the table, the gun still in his good hand. "Then we gotta get a doctor here quick. I can't hold out much longer. I've lost a lot of blood."

She started toward him. "You certainly do need a doctor. But Doctor Howard has gone for the night. He's at home."

Before she could reach him, he waved her back with the gun. "Don't get too close to me. I don't trust you. Keep away."

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"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

She stopped and sat down on the little stool.

"You gotta call him. Tell him to come to the office right away."

"But what will I tell him? He'll know something's wrong."

"He'd better not know, and he'd better not suspect anything, because if he does, I'll kill you! Tell him anything. Tell him you've got an emergency case here. Tell him a fellow got burned in an accident. I don't care what you tell him, but get him here!"

The man's eyes closed and he sighed with pain. He swayed slightly and it seemed to Ruth that he was going to topple off the desk sideways onto the floor. The gun dropped limply in his hand, resting on his knee.

Suddenly she made a dash for the door. Ruth never knew how he got there ahead of her, but he made it. He grabbed her by the left shoulder, his fingers cutting brutally into her flesh, and spun her viciously around, throwing her in a sprawled heap on the floor.

He stood over her, breathing heavily, the gun clenched in a tight fist. "Thought you was smart, didn't you? I knew you was gonna make a break for it if I gave you half a chance!" His voice rose to a snarl. "If you try anything like that again, I'll kill ya! Understand? I already killed one person and one more won't make no difference. I can't hang but once!"

Ruth struggled up off the floor, rubbing her sore and bruised shoulder. "All right, what do you want me to do?"

"Get on that phone and call Doctor Howard. Tell him to get right over here. Tell him you got an emergency burn case. And no funny stuff, get me?"

Ruth nodded and lifted the phone off the hook. She dialed the doctor's house number.

"Hello, Doctor Howard? This is Miss Ennis. Can you come over to the office right away?"

She felt the gun pressing against her side and heard the man whisper. "Be careful what you say!"

"Yes, doctor, it's an emergency. The man's burned pretty badly."

She stopped talking for a moment and was silent, listening to the voice on the other end of the line.

Then she continued. "I've done everything I could for the patient. Dressed the arm and bathed it in HCL, but I think he needs a doctor's attention. Better come right over." She hung up. "Well, that's that. Doctor Howard said he'd be over as soon as he gets dressed."

The killer grinned evilly. "Very good, Miss Ennis, very good. I couldn't have done better myself. Now we'll just sit here and wait." He motioned with the gun. "Have a seat on the table. I'll just stand here by the door, so you won't get any more of those funny ideas of yours."

Fifteen minutes passed. Fifteen of the slowest minutes Ruth had ever spent. Fifteen centuries of endless waiting. The man lit a cigarette, smoked it feverishly. Then there was a soft knock on the outer door.

He jumped up, ground the cigarette out under his heel, and Ruth's heart began to beat faster. Her throat was dry; her eyes burned.

"That's the Doc," he whispered. "Go out and open the door, and be careful!"

Ruth went out the operating room into the office, the man following her closely. He remained on one side of the door so that he would be concealed when it opened. He had the gun in his hand.

Ruth opened the door slowly. Suddenly the room was full of policemen. The man behind the door fired one shot, but that was all, and no one was hit. Then, it was all over, and they had him. He stood there, snarling and swaying on his feet, held up by two policemen.

Doctor Howard stepped through the door. "I wasn't sure we'd make it in time," he said.

Ruth felt weak in the knees. She laughed nervously. "I'm glad you're here, but I'm also glad you didn't come alone. I didn't know whether you caught it or not."

Then he laughed. "I thought you really had an emergency case at first. Then, when you said you bathed the patient's arm in HCL I knew something was wrong, so I brought the cops with me.

"Whoever heard of doing a thing like that? Bathing a burn case in hydrochloric acid!"

THE END

SL—2654

HUMAN TORCH BRAIN TEASERS

DON'T LET THESE PROBLEMS THROW YOU!

COUNTRIES & CAPITALS

IN THE FOLLOWING, EACH SENTENCE CONTAINS A CONCEALED COUNTRY AND ITS CAPITAL, AS "SPAN A MARSH WITH A BRIDGE OF COLONIAL TYPE" CONTAINS THE COUNTRY "PANAMA" AND ITS CAPITAL "COLON"

WHAT ARE THE OTHER COUNTRIES AND CITIES?

HOPE RUDELY SHATTERED, CAUSED HIS DOWNFALL, I MAINTAIN.

HE CALLED IT A LYNX, BUT THE GUIDE ON THE BURRO MENTIONED IT AS A WILDCAT.

HOW MUCH I LEARNED IN THESE MATTERS CONVERSANT, I, A GOOD CITIZEN, SHALL NEVER DISCLOSE.

? ? ?

A NAVAL GAME

THE SIXTY-THREE NUMBERED CIRCLES REPRESENT A FLEET OF ENEMY DESTROYERS.

THE COMMANDER OF THE SUBMARINE, MARKED "A", WANTS TO SINK ALL OF THE SIXTY-THREE SHIPS BY TAKING ONE CONTINUOUS ROUTE TO ENCOUNTER THEM.

1	8	16	24	32	40	48	56
2	9	17	25	33	41	49	57
3	10	18	26	34	42	50	58
A	11	19	27	35	43	51	59
4	12	20	28	36	44	52	60
5	13	21	29	37	45	53	61
6	14	22	30	38	46	54	62
7	15	23	31	39	47	55	63

TO WIN THE GAME YOU MUST DRAW ONE CONTINUOUS LINE, CONTAINING NOT MORE THAN FOURTEEN STRAIGHT STROKES STARTING AT CIRCLE "A" AND RETURNING TO CIRCLE "A" AGAIN AT THE LAST STROKE, THUS PASSING THROUGH ALL OF THE BOATS.

USE ONLY THE GIVEN LETTERS, AS MANY TIMES AS YOU WISH, TO SEE IF YOU CAN SPELL AT LEAST TEN WORDS THAT WILL MEAN SOMETHING SMALL.

ADEFGILMNP
RTUVWY

TRY TO SPELL TWO FRUITS BY USING THE LETTERS "NO ELM" TO SPELL EACH WORD

THE HUMAN TORCH
HE CALLED HIMSELF THE HYENA! AND LIKE THE BEAST OF THE SAME NAME, HE ROBBED ONLY FROM THE DEAD! UNTIL A BRAVE GIRL DEFIED HIS POWER, AND WITH THE AID OF THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO SILENCED THE TRIUMPHANT, QUAVERING LAUGH OF... THE HYENA, IN...
"The HYENA STRIKES!"
1940

FROM A LONELY MOUNTAIN ROAD ECHOES THE GLOATING LAUGH OF... THE HYENA!

YAA-HA-HA-HA-HA!

I DON'T GET IT, HYENA! WHY ARE YOU PAINTING A NEW WHITE STRIPE LEADING OFF THE ROAD?

THE CENTER STRIPE IS WHAT TRUCK DRIVERS FOLLOW AT NIGHT! THAT'S HOW THEY CAN "SEE" IN THE DARK!

ONLY *THIS* TIME THE MARKING ***WON'T*** HELP THEM KEEP TO THE CENTER OF THE ROAD! IT'LL LEAD THEM ***OFF*** INTO THE CHASM! HERE COMES THE TRUCK NOW!

EYES GLUED TO THE CENTER STRIPE, THE DRIVER OF THE TRUCK PLUNGES STRAIGHT TO DESTRUCTION!

YA-A-HA-HA-HA

THERE IT IS, MEN! A TRUCK FULL OF VALUABLES! RIPE FOR THE PLUNDER!

YOU'RE A SMART GUY, HYENA!

TO LORRAINE MILLER, THE HYENA'S SUCCESS BRINGS TRAGIC NEWS...

YOUR FATHER WAS DRIVING THE TRUCK THAT CRASHED, MISS MILLER!

HE'S DEAD NOW! BUT HE'D WANT ME TO CARRY ON IN HIS PLACE!

THE TRUCKING BUSINESS IS NO GAME FOR A GIRL! AS MANAGER OF THE LINE, I ADVISE YOU TO SELL OUT!

I'M THE OWNER, MR. LENNOX, NOW THAT MY FATHER'S GONE! I'VE MADE UP MY MIND ***NOT*** TO SELL!

MEANWHILE, IN THE APARTMENT SHARED BY TORCH AND TORO...

ANOTHER CRASH ON THE MILLER TRUCKING LINE! THAT MAKES FOUR CRASHES IN THE PAST THREE MONTHS!

THIS ONE COST THE OWNER HIS LIFE!

THIS MUST BE MORE THAN A COINCIDENCE! I THINK WE OUGHT TO INVESTIGATE, TORO!

AND I SECOND THE MOTION! THINGS HAVE BEEN TOO DULL AROUND HERE LATELY!

LET'S GO! OUR FIRST STOP IS THE MAIN DEPOT OF THE MILLER TRUCKING LINE!

Later...

I APPRECIATE YOUR OFFER OF HELP! BUT I'VE TAKEN PRECAUTIONS! EVERY TRUCK THAT LEAVES HERE IS NOW EQUIPPED WITH A TWO-WAY RADIO SET!

GOOD! THEN THE DRIVER CAN TELL YOU IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG ON HIS TRIP!

AT THAT MOMENT, THE HYENA PREPARES TO STRIKE AGAIN!

ANOTHER TRUCK HEADED THIS WAY! TWIST THAT WHEEL!

MILLER TRUCKING

AGHHHH!

YAA-HA-HA-HA!

THE FOOL SAW THE REFLECTION OF HIS OWN HEADLIGHTS IN THE MIRROR I PLANTED HERE! HE THOUGHT IT WAS ANOTHER TRUCK GOING TO COLLIDE WITH HIM! YAA-HA-HA!

BUT INSIDE THE TRUCK...

ACCIDENT... ON NORTH ROAD! THOUGHT I SAW... ANOTHER TRUCK... BUT...

I... AGHHH!

TROUBLE! WE'D BETTER GET OUT THERE RIGHT AWAY!

GO AHEAD! I'LL FOLLOW YOU IN ONE OF OUR REPAIR CARS!

ANOTHER ACCIDENT! IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE!

WE'LL SOON KNOW, TORCH!

TORCH! THOSE *MEN* ARE LOOTING THE TRUCK!

HIJACKERS! THAT'S THE ANSWER, TORO!

THEY DELIBERATELY WRECKED THE TRUCK, AND THAT MIRROR EXPLAINS *HOW* THEY DID IT!

YOU WON'T PULL ANY MORE TRICKS!

EEOWW! I'M ON FIRE!

YAA-HA-HA! THEY WON'T CATCH THE HYENA!

THE LEADER'S GETTING AWAY!

WAIT, TORO!

I HEAR ANOTHER VEHICLE! THE DRIVER WILL SMASH UP WITH THIS WRECKED TRUCK IN THE WAY!

...UNLESS WE CAN STOP HIM! HALT!

IT'S THE REPAIR TRUCK, WITH MISS MILLER!

YOU NEARLY SHARED THE FATE OF YOUR DRIVER, MISS MILLER! HIS TRUCK WAS DELIBERATELY WRECKED!

THEN HE-HE'S DEAD? I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW IT HAPPENED! HE WAS TRAVELING A NEW, SECRET ROUTE!

HOW DID YOU KNOW MY TRUCK WAS HEADED THIS WAY?

THE HYENA TOLD US! HE KNOWS EVERYTHING!

LATER, WHEN LORRAINE MILLER RETURNS TO THE DEPOT...

MR. LENNOX, NO ONE KNOWS OUR TRUCKING SCHEDULES, BUT YOU AND I! YET, INFORMATION HAS REACHED A MAN CALLED THE HYENA!

ARE YOU ACCUSING ME, MISS MILLER?

SOMEONE'S TO BLAME! I'M GOING TO CALL THE POLICE AND LET THEM FIND OUT WHO'S GUILTY!

OHHH!

GOOD WORK, LENNOX!

THE NITRO TRUCK IS READY TO ROLL! IT'LL BE THE LAST TRIP FOR MISS LORRAINE MILLER!

THEN WE SKIP OUT OF THE STATE, EH, HYENA?

MOMENTS LATER...

YOU WANT MISS MILLER? I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO HER! SHE WAS TALKING TO LENNOX, THE MANAGER, A LITTLE WHILE AGO!

HMMM! I SAW A TRUCK LEAVING AS WE CAME UP!

THAT TRUCK IS LOADED WITH NITRO-GLYCERIN! IT WAS WAITING FOR A SPECIAL DRIVER TO ARRIVE...

I'LL BET LORRAINE MILLER IS DRIVING IT HERSELF!

THAT'S TOO DANGEROUS AN ASSIGNMENT FOR A WOMAN! WE'VE ***GOT*** TO STOP HER!

CITY LIMITS

LITTLE DOES TORCH SUSPECT THE ***ACTUAL*** DANGER IN WHICH LORRAINE MILLER FINDS HERSELF!

LENNOX! THEN ***YOU*** AND THE HYENA WERE WORKING TOGETHER?

YES! I WAS HIJACKING YOUR TRUCKS AFTER LENNOX PASSED ON INFORMATION ABOUT THE CARGO TO ME!

WE'LL LEAVE YOU HERE! TRY DRIVING IT YOURSELF! YAA-HA-HA!

THE TORCH!

GET THEM, TORO! I'M GOING AFTER THAT TRUCK! I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE! IT JUST JUMPED THE ROAD AT THE CURVE!

BUT YOU'RE SAFE, MISS MILLER!

TORO HAD NO TROUBLE WITH OUR HIJACKING FRIEND!

IN THE END, THE HYENA PROVED AS COWARDLY AS HIS NAMESAKE! HE STARTED BEGGING FOR MERCY AS SOON AS I HIT HIM! LENNOX WAS THE SAME!

LATER, WHEN THE HIJACKERS HAVE BEEN DELIVERED TO THE POLICE...

LORRAINE MILLER'S A BRAVE GIRL! I THINK SHE'LL MAKE A SUCCESS OF HER TRUCKING BUSINESS NOW!

CERTAINLY SHE WILL, TORO! SHE'S GOT EVERYTHING IT TAKES—PLUS!

THE END

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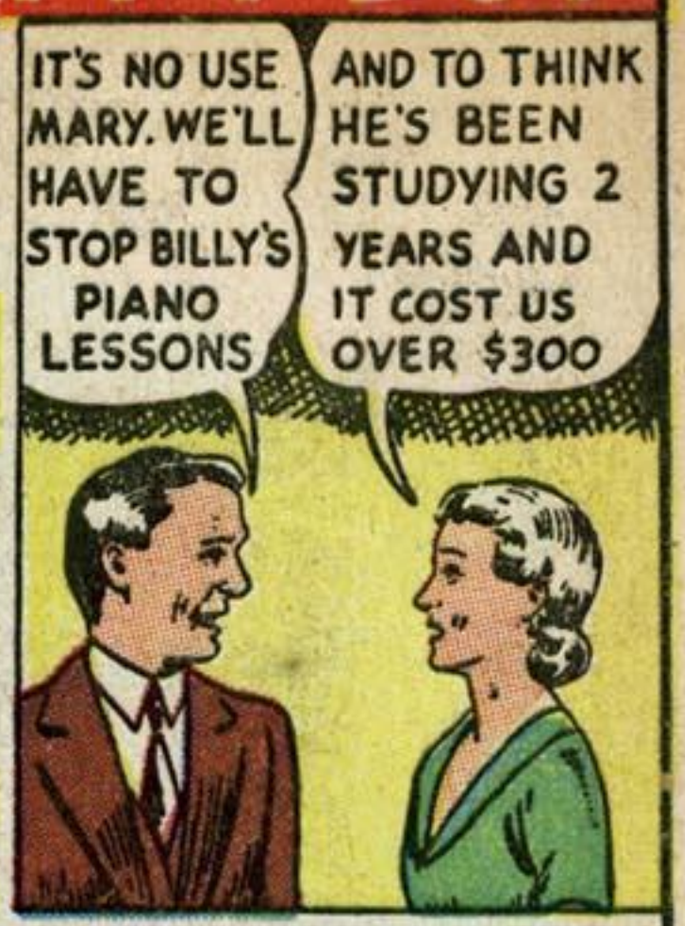
HOW A SIMPLE DISCOVERY MADE BILLY A VERY HAPPY BOY

PLEASE PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR PIANO LESSON BILLY! YOU'LL NEVER LEARN THAT WAY
AW! WISH I COULD JOIN MY PALS. THIS PIANO TEACHER GIVES ME A PAIN



HOW'D YOU LEARN TO PLAY PIANO SO WELL AND SO FAST.. BOBBY
IT'S A CINCH BILLY. WITH A SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE ANYONE CAN LEARN TO PLAY IN A JIFFY

IMAGINE DEAR, HOW MUCH MONEY WE COULD HAVE SAVED IF BILLY HAD KNOWN OF THAT SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE
AND HE WOULD HAVE PLAYED SO NICELY 2 YEARS AGO

IT'S AMAZING SHIRLEY, HOW NICELY YOU'RE PLAYING THE PIANO IN LESS THAN 5 DAYS. HOW DO I GET STARTED?
WRITE TO THE DALE SHEARS SCHOOL OF MUSIC, STRUTHERS, OHIO. THE COST IS ONLY $2 COMPLETE AND INCLUDES THE SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE. 25 EASY LESSONS AND 33 POPULAR SONGS-ALL SOLD ON A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. JUST CLIP THE COUPON, TOM. YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT!

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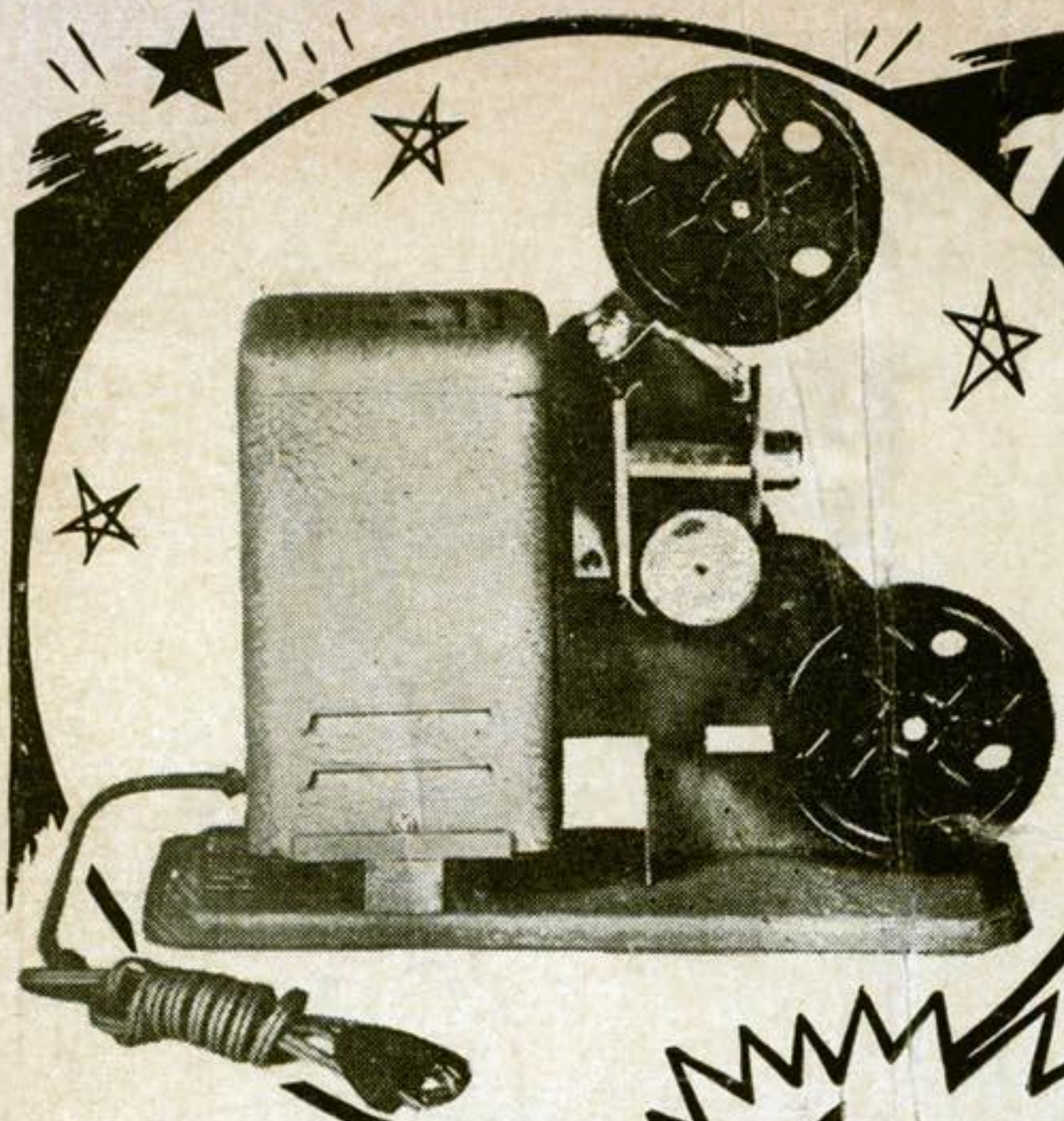
Address .....
CITY ..... STATE .....

SORRY, NO C. O. D.'s OUTSIDE U. S. A.



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